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Sam Cowell's comic songster

London

[18--]

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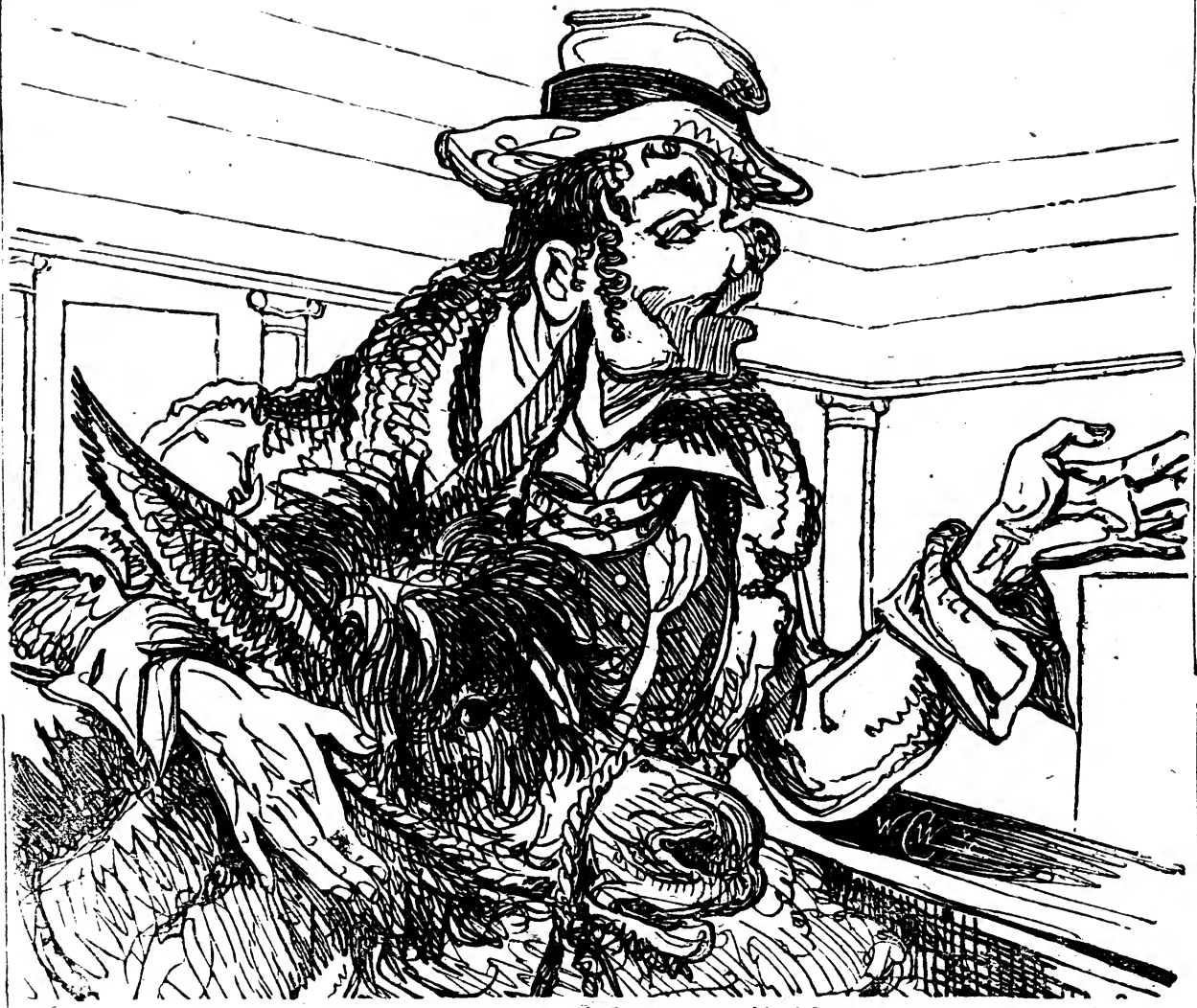
Sam Cowell's Comic Songster



" He cut his throat with a piece of glass, and stabbed his donkey arter."

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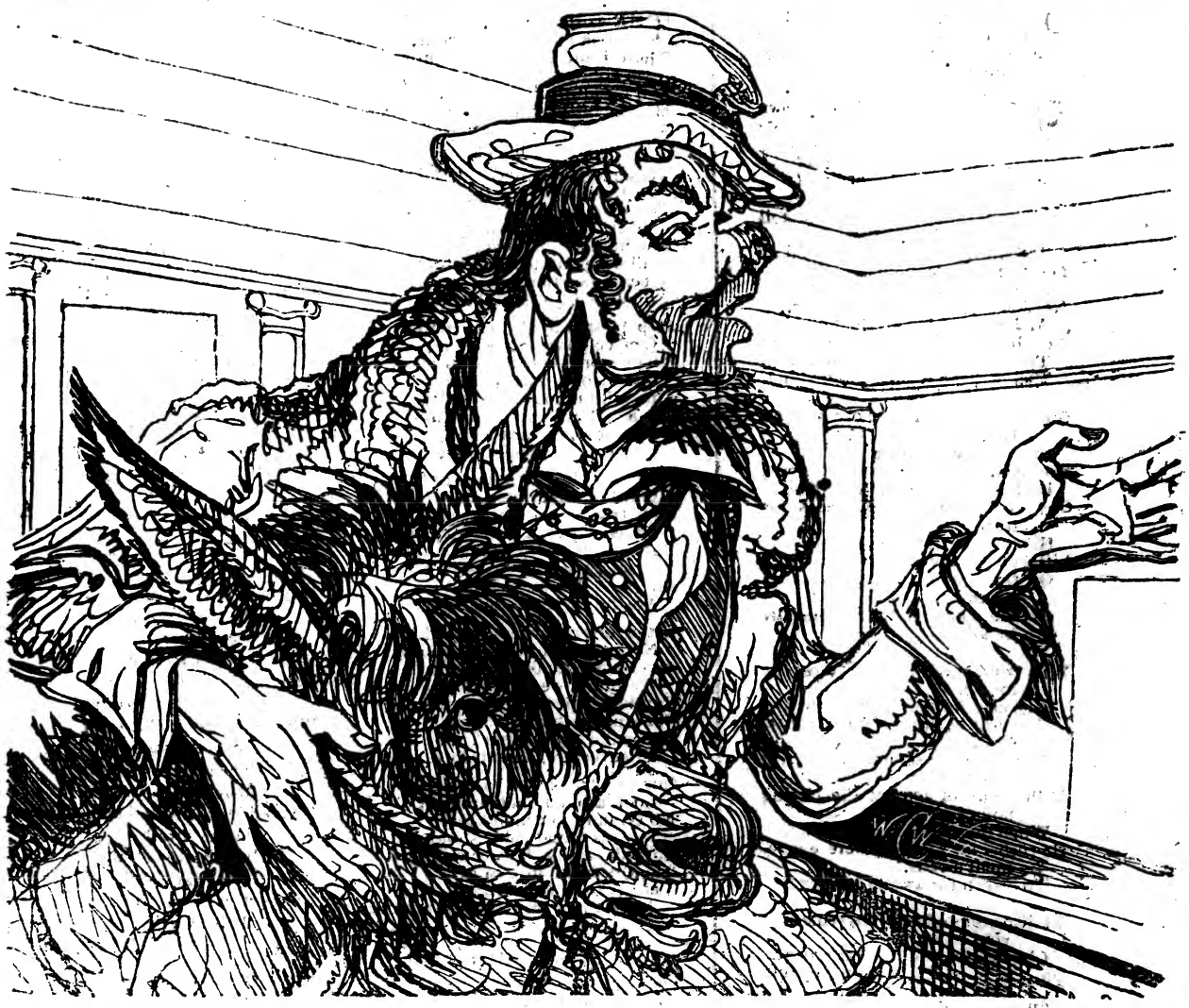
Sam Cowell's Comic Songster



The Ratcatcher's Daughter

Sung by Mr. Cowell at the London concerts, with immense applause.

IN Westminster, not long ago,
There liv'd a ratcatcher's daughter—
She was not born in Westminster,
But on the other side of the water
Her father kill'd rats, and she sold sprats;
All round, and over the water,
And the gentlefolks they all bought sprats
Of the pretty ratcatcher's daughter
Of the pretty, &c.

She wore no cap upon her head,
No cap or dandy bonnet—
Her hair it hung about her neck,
Just like a bunch of carrots,
If she cried sprats in Westminster,
She'd such a loud sweet voice, sirs
You might hear her all down Parliament-street,
As far as Charing cross, sirs.
As far, &c.

The rich and great came far and near
To marry her all sought her,
But at friends and foes she cock'd her nose,
Did the pretty ratcatcher's daughter.
For there was a man sold 'lily white sand,'
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And over head and ears in love,
Was the pretty ratcatcher's daughter. Was the, &c.

Now lily white sand so run in her head,
When coming along the Strand, sirs
She forgot she'd got sprats, so 'tis said
And cried, 'buy my lily white sand O!'
The folks amaz'd all thought her crazed,
All along the Strand O—
To hear a girl with sprats on her head
Cry, 'buy my lily white sand O!'
Cry, &c.

The ratcatcher's daughter so run in his head,
He didn't know what he was arter
'Stead of crying, buy my lily white sand,
Cried, 'd'ye want any ratcatcher's daughters?'
The donkey cock'd his ears & bray'd
Folks wonder'd what he was arter
To hear a lily white sand-man cry,
'Do you want any ratcatcher's daughter?'
Do you, &c.

Now they agreed to married be
Upon the Easter Sunday—
But the ratcatcher's daughter had a dream,
She shouldn't be alive on the Monday.
To buy some sprats once more she went,
And tumbled into the water—
And down to the bottom all cover'd with mud,
Went the pretty ratcatcher's daughters. Went, &c.

When the lily white sand-man heard the news,
Both his eyes ran down with water
Says he, 'in love I'll constant prove
Blow me if I live long arter!'
So he cut his throat with a piece of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter,
So donkey and lily white sand-man died,
Through love of the ratcatcher's daughter.
Through love, &c.

Time is a blessing.

(Music at Mr. Davidson's.)

OH! time is a blessing sent by God,
For the use, not abuse, of man;
And wee to him who shall ever presume
To frustrate his Maker's plan.
The sun hath its time of going down
The birds know their hour of rest;
Then why is it that man should be
By his fellow man oppress'd?
By his fellow man oppress'd?

Oh! why should the hour of toil endure,
Till the head and heart grow faint?
Is it because the mind of man
Is better for such restraint?
Need leisure hours be idle hours,
And tend to corrupt the mind?
No! brotherly love is the only chain
That master and man should bind,
That master and man should bind.

Go, ask ye of him whose sunken cheek,
Proclaims a life of care,
How many hours of the twenty-four,
He for wife and child can spare?
Oh! long ere he wearily seeks his home,
His children are gone to rest;
Little they know of a father's love,
Or the anguish that rends his breast,
Or the anguish that rends his breast.

Who would not toil for those he loves?
But, alas, human nature is weak;
And if time be not giv'n for mental food,
Some other resource man will seek!
At the hour of ten, at the closing hour,
When the spirits require relief,
He rushes to scenes where excitement dwells,
To drown for awhile his grief.

Ye dispensers of time, oh, remember your trust,
Close early, you'll never repent:
Oh, why should a blessing by man be denied,
That our heavenly Father has sent.
Close early, close early, you'll have your reward—
Believe me, I say what is true:
Those who have time to look after their God,
Will be the most faithful to you.
Will be the most faithful to you.

Give me death or liberty.

(Andrews.)

WHILST happy to my native land,
I boast my country's charter
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter,
The noble mind is not at all,
By poverty degraded,
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am presuaded,
Each free born Briton's song should be
'Or give me death or liberty!

Though small the power which Fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us,
The lordly hireling often wants,
That freedom which defends us.
By law secured from lawless strife,
Our house is our *castellum*;
Thus, blessed with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em?
No: every Briton's song, &c.

The World is on the move.

(Music, at Mr. Davidson's.)

THE world is on the move,
Look about, look about;
There is much we may improve,
Do not doubt, do not doubt;
And for all who understand,
May be heard throughout the land,
A warning voice at hand,
Ringing out, ringing out.

Though gloomy hearts despond,
At the sky, at the sky,
There's a sun to shine beyond,
By and bye, by and bye;
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
Shall be nigh, shall be nigh.

Step by step, the longest march
Can be done, can be done;
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one, one by one:
And, with union, what we will
Can be all accomplish'd still—
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly none.

Brag and bluster float as froth,
O'er the wave, o'er the wave;
Very treason worse than both,
Fools may rave, fools may rave;
But the honest hands that link
With the affirm heads that think,
And for office use pen and ink,
Are the brave, are the brave.

Let us onward, then, for right,—
Nothing more, nothing more;
And let justice be the sight
We adore, we adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand,
For a possible hand in hand,
Can make this a better land
Than before, than before.

Our country bless'd with all,—
Look around, look around;
No tyranny nor bloodshed
Here is found, here is found:
So with heart and voice we cheer,
The Queen we love so dear:
Let her reign in peace, not fear,
From those around, those around.

Do you, said Fanny.

DO you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me, as you say,
Or are these tender words applied
To fifty girls alike beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes, those lips, I swear—
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, you ye sworn—now kiss the book.

The sweet and merry merry horn.

I COURT not wealth, I court not power,
I scorn the giddy town,
I'd rather pass each fleeting hour
In solitude unknown,
Except when the merry merry horn,
Breathes forth its roundelay,
And the smile on the blooming face of morn,
Cheers all with a bark away.

There's many a chase within the world
But ye soon receive a fall,
Down from the courser, Fame, we hurled,
And sorrow power's inhale.
But, then, still the merry, &c.
So let me seek but health and peace,
A fig for care and strife.
For pleasures beauties must increase.
In the joys of a country life.
But there be sweet and merry &c.

The Song of the Old Year.

(Eliza Cook.)

OH I have been running a joyous career,
On a steed that requires nor bridal nor goad,
But he'll soon change his rider and leave the old year,
Lying low in the dust of eternity's road,
I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm board,
I have chequered the air with the banners of strife,
White are the tombstones I've scatered abroad,
Bright are the young eyes I've opened to light,
Then speak of me fairly and give the old year,
A warm hearted parting in kindness and glee,
Chaunt a roundelay over my laurel crowned bier,
And bury me under the green holly tree.

Then speak, &c.

If you speak of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
Yet remember the share of good works I have done,
You should balance the care and the canker I've brought,
With the grapes I have set to be plucked in the sun,
If I've lengthened the yew till it touches the pall,
I have bid the fresh shoots of the orange bloom swell,
If I've thickened the moss on the ruins dark wall,
I have strengthened the love bower tendrils as well,

Then speak, &c.

Ye have murmered of late at my gloom laden hours,
You have looked on my cold winter face with a frown,
But ye smiled when I covered your pathway with flowers;
And flung the red clover and yellow corn down,
Fill the goblet and drink while my wailing tones sink,
Let the wassail bowl drip and the revel shout rise,
But a word in your ear from the parting Old year,
'Tis the last time it warns ye, be merry and wise,

And speak of me kindly &c.

Glee.

Four Voices.

WHILE fools their time in stormy strife, employ,
Be ours engaged in union, peace, and joy;
Thus the blessed gods, the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song;
Apollo tunes the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound
Wisely we intimate the powers divine,
Peace at our hearts, and pleasure our design.

Song of the Lily.

(C. W. Glover.)

(Music published by Jefferys, Soho Square.)

I'M a flower, I'm a flower, yet how often have I heard,
To me some maiden likened, and I offered not a word:
For I knew my days were fleeting, and I could but feel the truth,
That human flowers do sometimes fade, and perish in their youth;
And when some reckless hand hath cast thy blossoms to the gale,
I've thought how many reckless hearts, fond maiden hopes assail:
And I have said, but to myself, ah! Fair ones like the flower,
Ye're lov'd, caress'd, and blighted, in the passing of an hour.
Ye're lov'd, &c.

I have thought how Spring returning, would with balmy love regale,
And give back life and vigour to the lily of the vale;
And if for me the sunshine, come with healing on its wing,
There may for human flowers be some life returning Spring.
In the silence of the twilight I have felt my fragrance go,
On the winglet of the zephyr, it hath left the vales below;
And I thought me that the spirits of the wrong'd one thus would soar,
And blossom in the Spring-time of Heaven's eternal shore.
And blossom in, &c.

Let us be happy Together.

COME and let us be happy together,
For where there's a will there's a way,
And the heart be as light as a feather,
If amusements like mine bear the sway,
First pack up a store of contentment,
Who knows not the way is a dunce,
If wrong'd never dream of resentment,
Get rid of such folly at once.
Listen to me.
To be kind, 'tis the way to meet kindness,
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not at the world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget!

Our old friends no doubt will be true friends,
The longer we love them the more!
But shut not your heart against new friends,
Though one be but true in a score;
Prize the one you have proved as a jewel,
With which 'twould be madness to part,
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel,
Which keeps up the warmth of the heart?
Listen to me!
Of true souls how sweet the communion
Throughout the wide world as we roam
Then to keep up the strong chain of union,
Let us meet the fond links at home.

I be a Gipsy merry and free.

I'D be a Gipsy merry and free,
Roving abroad like the bird or the bee!
Naught to control me, sportive and wild,
All through the summer day free as a child,
All through the summer day free as a child
What are the bright halls of splendour and pleasure,
What are the saloons of the brilliant and gay?
They cannot render the life given treasure,
That freedom and health to the rovers convey.
I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

I'd be a Gipsy, when the blue sky,
Ting'd with the stars that shine brightly on high;
The turf for my pillow, and all the night long,
Lull'd to repose by the nightingale's song,
Lull'd to repose by the nightingales song.
Roving all day while the merry band wander'd,
Telling the fate of the brave and the fair,
Shunning the world and the wealth that is squandered;
With coin just enough to be free as air.
I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

Hark! 'tis the Bugle's pealing note.

Sung by Mr. Allen

(Music published by Jefferys Soho Square.)

HARK! 'Tis the bugle's pealing note,
Arm and to horse! To horse! Be brave:
While freedom's banner o'er you float,
And on the breeze majestic wave.
Drawn's the keen sabre's mitter'd blade,
Flash in the sun, the glitt'ring steel,
With heart and hand and heaven to aid,
Dash on the foe ye true and leal.
Arm and to horse! &c.

With spur to steed and hope in [illegible]
With sabre gleaming high in [illegible]
Your war note to the wild wind [illegible]
From the loud bugle stern [illegible]
On! On! Ye brave your swords are [illegible]
Your cause is good, your courage high,
Charge! Charge! Sacred freedom fights with you,
And victory watches from the sky.
Arm and to horse! &c.

Have Faith in one Another.

(A New Ballad by J. E. Carpenter.)

Have faith in one another, when ye meet in friendships name,
For the true friend is a brother, and his heart should throb the same,
Though your path in life may differ, since the hour when first ye met,
Have faith in one another, ye may need that friendship yet.
Have faith in one another, when ye whisper loves fond vow;
It will not be always summer, or be always bright as now,
And when winter time comes o'er ye, if some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another, ye shall never know dispair.
And when winter time &c.

Have faith in one another, for should doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert, where the sun would never shine;
We have all some transient sorrow, that o'ershadows us to day,
But have faith in one another and it soon shall pass away.
Have faith in one another, and let honor be your guide,
And let truth alone be spoken whatever may betide,
The false may reign a season, and oh! doubt not but it will,
But have faith in one another and the truth shall flourish still.
The false may reign, &c.

The Lily of St. Leonard's.

Sung by Miss Poole in the Opera of the "Heart of Mid Lothian."

(Music published by Jefferys, Soho Square.)

IN the days of happy childhood,
Pure and kind of heart was she;
As a child unto its mother,
Was Lasie then to me.
In the bloom of her young beauty,
We were proud to spread her fame;
And the Lily of St. Leonard's
Then was worthy of her name.
And the Lily of St. Leonard's,
Then, was worthy of her name!

Cold may be the case of others,
But I cling to one hope yet;
I will not forsake the young heart,
Not its former truth forget.
For I feel tho' clouds now hover,
O'er the sunshine of her fame,
That the Lily of St. Leonard's,
Will be worthy of her name.
That the Lily of St. Leonard's,
Will be worthy of her name.

Afloat on the Ocean.

Sung by Mr. Wells, in the Opera of the "Heart of Mid Lothian."

Music published by Jefferys, Soho Square.

AFLOAT on the ocean my days gaily fly,
No monarch on earth is more happy than I;
Like a bright brillant star, my trim bark seems to me,
As sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the sea.
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my will,
And fate seems ambitious my Hopes to fulfil:—
Afloat on the ocean my days gaily fly,
No monarch on earth is more happy than I.
Tra la la la la, &c.

The sea was my birth place, the morn was all bright,
When from a proud galley I first saw the light;
The land I first trod, was the home of the wine,
Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good wine;
While I sail o'er the one, let the other be there,
A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh away care;
Afloat on the ocean my days gaily fly,
No monarch on earth is more happy than I.
Tra la la la la, &c.

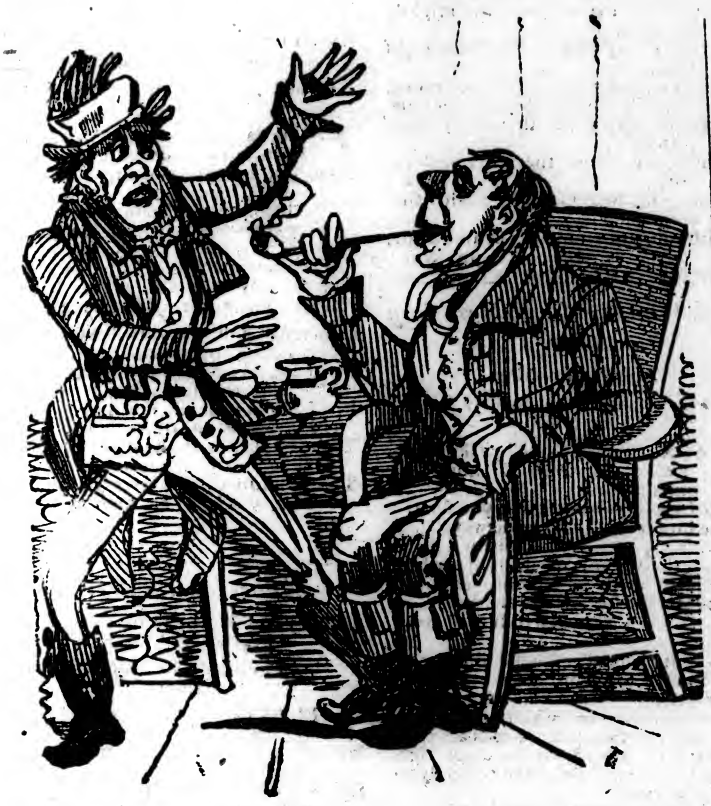
Together Dearest, let us fly.

Sung by Mr. C. Braham in the Opera of the "Heart of Mid Lothian."

(Music published by Jefferys, Soho Square.)

TOGETHER dearest let us fly,
The world's deceitful glare,
And quit its false deluding eye,
That smiles but to ensnare;
A heart like thine, was never made,
For vain and glittering toys,
But in some sweet and rural shade,
To crown thy lovers joys.
But in some sweet, &c.

When summer floats on fairy wing,
Throughout the jocund day,
How sweet 'twill be with thee to sing,
The frowns of life away;
How sweet, when winter steals abroad,
With thee my bliss to share,
Thy smiles will cheer life's dreary road,
And banish every care.
Thy smiles will cheer, &c.



Billy Barlow.

OH! young 'onden gen'lmen how do you do?
I'm here before you with one boot and one shoe;
I don't know how it is, but somehow 'tis so—
Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow
Oh, dear!—oh, raggedy, oh!
Now is'ntit hard upon Billy Barlow

As I wasa going down town t'other day,
The people all stared, and some of them did say—
"Why that 'ere young covey, now, he ain't so slow.'
'I guess not,' says a lady, 'that's William Barlow.'
Oh, dear, &c.
'I guess not,' says a lady, 'that's Mister Barlow.'

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think,
He's a trying to persuade people not for to drink;
When he show'd me his medal, I said 'it's no go!
You can't make a teetotaler of Billy Barlow.'
Oh, dear, &c.
The cold water cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

As I went up Bond-street last Saturday night,
I was very much tickled when I see'd a sight
Of a crowd of young ladies at Mitchell's window,
A viewing a likeness of Billy Barlow
Oh, dear, &c.
But not half so good-looking as Billy Barlow.

They went in to buy it, and I saw them turn pale,
When Mitchell he told them it wasn't for sale,
For Prince Albert asked for it, and to him it must go,
When he'll set German music to Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear, &c.
The prince would look well, drest as Billy Barlow.

For a trip to Southampton I went t'other day,
When a crowd gather'd round, and I heard a chap say,
'Why, that's Kossuth, incog!' and I'd have ye to know,
They set the bells ringing for Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear, &c.
'Cause a hung'ry young hero was Billy Barlow.

I paid sixpence t'other day, and odd it did seem,
To see lots of chickens a hatching by steam;
So I said to the man who conducted the show,
'Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?'
Oh, dear, &c.
He's rather a rare bird, is Billy Barlow.

Now, young London gen'l'men, I'll bid you good bye,
I'll get a new suit, when clothes ain't so high;
My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
But it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.

Nothing like Pride about

I'M a hoppulent geneleman now,
Tho' once poor as any church mouse,
A heiress I got for a spouse;
But though now a hearl, and am rich,
Not one of your upstarts I be;
I'm a gemman, and always was sich,
Though there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

Does it follow acause I'm a swell,
That I should be stingy and proud?
Ven I knows I vonce dingled a bell,
And "Dust obey!" bellowed aloud,
No, tho' I'm a lord, still I'm plain,
And ne'er when an old pal I see,
Does I refuse standing a drain,
For there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

My old gal and I often goes
Thro' Regents's Park out for a stroll,
And a black boy in livery clothes,
He arter us follows, by gole!
She togs in tippets and shawls,
But I mounts my fan-tail d'ye see?
My welweteen jacket and smalls,
For there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

My old 'oman tries wery hard,
Good breeding in me to instil,
And says that I ought to regard
The station in life wot I fill;
She vants me (now isn't it stuff?)
To wear a silk 'kerchief, d'ye see?
But valker! I uses my cuff,
For there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

A quarrel ve t'other day had,
Ven out in our carsiage ve vent,
To visit a marquis her dad,
Cause I wouldn't be pent.
I got out—that gave her some shocks,
While going through Bond-street d'ye see,
And smok'd a short pipe on the box,
For there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

Ve hadn't got far from the street,
Vhen I vos vith astonishment struck,
For who do you think I should meet?
A friend of mine drawing a truck:
He'd a great load, and 'twould be unkind,
Not to lend him assistance d'ye see;
So I guv'd him a good shove behind,
For there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

I vonce doff'd my holiday togs,
Of vhich you shall know the results,
And had a coat fronted vith frogs,
A vestcot and brichis by Stults:
While guving Lord Hoppy a call,
My vife's monkey rose d'ye see,
'Cos I eat pickled eels at a stall,
For there's nothing like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

Now ladies and gents, this here song,
I'm afeard you'll think nothin' but
An' if so, vy, all vill go wrong,
But I hopes that more t'other it om.
I'm yourn still, vote'er you commande,
And if so that good friends we be,
My tulips, just guv me your hands,
For there's nothin' like pride about me. Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Labourer's Welcome Home.

(Dibdin.)

THE ploughman whisties o'er the furrow,
The hedger joins the vacant strain,
The woodman sings the woodland through,
The shepherd's pipe delights the plain;
Where'er the anxious eye can roam,
Our ear receive the jocund pleasure
Miriads of beings thronging flock,
Of nature's song to join the measure,
Till to keep time, the village clock
Sounds sweet the Labourer's welcome home.

The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,
Upon the shining table smokes
The frugal meal; while time beguiling,
The ale the harmless jest provokes,
Ye inmates of the lofty dome,
Admire his lot; his children playing,
To share his smile, around him flock;
And faithful Tray, since morn, that straying
Trudged with him till the village clock
Proclaimed the labourer's welcome home.

The cheering faggot burnt to embers,
While lares round their vigils keep,
That power which poor and rich remembers,
Each thanks and then retires to sleep;
And now the lark climbs heaven's high dome,
Fresh from repose, toil's kind releiver
And, furnished with his daily stock,
His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,
He travels till the village clock
Sounds, sweet, the labourer's welcome home

When I played those tricks so Charming.

A parody on 'As I view those scenes so charming.

(Planche.)

WHEN I play'd those tricks so charming,
With squibs and crackers old Wigsby warming,
In Guy Fawkes's and Jacks in boxes,
I invested- I invested all my tin,
Guys as ugly still round me grin,
But those days—but those days don't come again!
Man the bright squibs of childhood spurding,
Other wheels than 'Catherine' turning,
To increase his fortune yearning,
Scheme on scheme sees explode and pass away—
Worse than ever his fingers burning,
[illegible]

The Well Earned Pleasures of the Chase.

(Dibdin.)

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn
Borrow a lustre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn:
Health bids awake and homage pay,
To him who give another morn,
And well with strength his nerves to brace,
Urges the sportsman to the chase.

Do we persue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds,
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds,
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds,
For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earned-pleasures of the chase.

Do we persue the subtle fox,
Still let him breaks and rivers try,
Through marshes wade or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouthed hounds shall following fly,
And while he every danger mocks,
Unpittied shall the culprit die;
To quell his cruel artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chase,

Returned with shaggy spoils well stored,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast and first our country's lord.
Anxious who most shall do him right,
The fair next crowns the social board,
Britons should love as well as fight,
For he who slights the tender race
Is held unworthy of the chase,

I'm Bothered from head to the tail.

Air—"Dear, dear, what can the matter be?"

(G. Colman.)

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me
I was in love—but myself, or the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.
'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?
Och! gramachree, what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flanigan;
Told him my case—made an end—then he got again!
er, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.
Dear, dear; says he what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, can you tell, what can the matter be?
Both cried out—what can the matter be;
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again—
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again
Gave me a kiss—Och! zounds, that threw me worse again;
Well she knew what I did ail.
But dear, dear; says she, what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?
Both cried out—what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary,
All symtoms are gone, of my ancient quandary,
I cannot tell now what I ail.
Dear, Dear! what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?
Och! gramachree, what can the matter be?
I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

Foretop Morality.

(Dibdin.)

TWO real tars, whom duty called
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop:
I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?
Cried Will, You lubber, don't you know?—
Our passione close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief:
These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't, that's your sort;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,
Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,
Tom cried out blunt and rough;
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough.
Who swabs his bows at other's woe,
That far's for me your sort,
His vessel right a head shall go
To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, damme, what's my own distress?—
For others let me feel.
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, this your sort,
A handkerchief's the best wet sail
To bring you [illegible] port.

The Conscript's Farewell to Jeannette.

YOU are going far away, far away
from poor Jeannette:
There is no one left to love me; and
you, too, may forget;
But my heart will still be with you,
wherever you may go:
Can you look me in the face and say
the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red, and the
beautiful cockade,
I fear that you will soon forget the
promises you made;
With a gun upon your shoulder, and a
bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady, and
making her your bride.

Or, when Glory leads the way you'll
be madly rushing on,
Never thinking, if they kill you, that
my happiness is gone;
Should you win the day, perhaps a
general you'll be;
Though I'm proud to think of that,
what will become of me?
Oh, were I queen of France or what's
better—pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, nor
weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or,
should kings assert their might,
I'd have those who make the quarrels
be the only ones to fight.

Annie Laurie.

MAXWELLTON Braes are bonnie,
Where rarely fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Gied me her promise true;
And ne'er forget will I:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

Her skin is like the snow-drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the bonniest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark is her blue eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

Merrily, fuddle thy Nose.

(A GLEE.)

MERRILY, merrily push round the
glass,
And merrily troll the glee;
For he who won't drink till he wink is
an ass;
So, neighbour, I'll drink to thee.

Merrily, merrily fuddle thy nose,
Until it right rosy shall be:
For a jolly red nose (I speak under the
rose)
Is a sign of good company.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

Rosa Lea; or, Don't be foolish, Joe.

WHEN I lived down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
I went courting Rosa Lea,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Eyes as dark as winter's night,
Lips as red as berries bright,
When wooing first we both did go,
She said "No, don't be foolish, Joe"

U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Courting down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Beneath the wild banana tree.

He said, you're a lubly gal, dat's plain
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Breff as sweet as sugar-cane,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Feet so large, and comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe;
O Rosa, take me for your beau.
She said "No, don't be foolish, Joe"

My story yet is to be told,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Rosa caught a shocking cold,
U li-a-li, o-la-e;
Send for the doctor and the nurse;
Doctor came and made her worse;
I tried to make her laugh; ah! no:
She whispered "Don't be foolish, Joe"

Dey gib her up; no power could save
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
She ask me follow her to the grave,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
I take her hand; 'twas cold as death;
So cold I hardly drew my breath;
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
And said "No, don't be foolish, Joe.

The Oak and the Ivy.

IN the depth of the forest an old oak
grew,
The pride of the green wood there;
O'er his branches the ivy her mantle
threw,
When the forest boughs were bare.
She clung like a bride
To his sturdy side,
And her shining leaves, so green,
Made him blithe and gay
Through the livelong day,
In the midst of a winter scene.
O long may the oak and the ivy stand,
The pride and the boast of our native
land.

Oh, the oak of the forest told me true,
And I echo the tale in song,
That the ivy his branches made fair
view,
While the oak made the ivy strong.
'Twas a union good
In the old deep wood:
Had each for itself grown there,
The plant alone
No beauty had shown,
And the boughs of the tree been bare.
Then long may, &c.

May we copy the oak and the ivy green,
And, like Britons, go hand in hand;
As firm as the oak may our sons be
seen;
In the cause of their native land;
May our daughters fair,
Like the ivy share
The arms of the parent tree;
While we'll all unite,
In our strength and might,
For our homes and our liberty,
As long as the oak, &c.

The Forest Queen.

JOY within my heart is bounding;
Would you share that joy with
me?
Here, with nature's gifts surrounding,
I your forest queen will be.

All that's charming here is ours:
Skies with not a cloud above,
Cooling streamlets, blooming flowers,
Birds that sing of nought but love.
Joy within my heart, &c,

Time may bear these beauties from
us;
All we love may pass away;
Then come with me, 'twill best become
us,
To enjoy them while we may.
Joy within my heart, &c.

I dream of all things free.

A popular Song; by Mrs. Hemans: Composed by W. Westall

I DREAM of all things free—
Of a gay and gallant bark,
That sweeps along the sea,
Like an arrow to its mark;
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills,
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king;
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around me shiver;
I dream of all things free.

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian mid the wild
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading;
Of an archer's green wood tree;
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free.

The Officer's Funeral.

(Mrs. Norton.)

HARK! to the shrill trumpet calling
It pierceth the cool summer air
Tears from each cow'ring heart are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there
Beneath earth's cold sod are turning,
And the dying's muffled breath rolls
around,
But he hears not the voice of their
mourning,
Nor cares to the bugle's sound.

Sleep soldier! tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by thy cold bier to day.
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away
The man thou didst love for a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined

But though hearts that now mourn for
thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall die,
Though the bright orphan boy may
laugh gladly,
As he sits on some comrade's knee;
There is one who shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave.
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept o'er her soldier's grave.

Sweet were those hours of Infancy.

(G. Macfarren.)

SWEET were those hours of infancy,
When carelessly we lay'd
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree,
And o'er the flowry glade:
When like two buds, together twin'd
In mutual strength we grew,
Exchang'd the odours of the mind,
And caught each others hue,

Sweet were the hours when side by side
We stroll'd, in riper years.
And felt a more than mortal pride,
In ming'ling smiles and tears,
And now shall adverse fate revoke,
Or lose affection's tie
Ah! no, ah! no, the branches of the
oak,
Are sever'd but to die!

Health, Happiness and Love.

(Rannie.)

TOGETHER in the rural vale,
From childhood's early days,
We loved in the same cot to dwell,
In the same field to stray,
With wealth I could not bribe the maid
To win whose heart I strove;
But, she my faithful flame repaid,
And gave me love for love.

All the ambition I possess
Is for my charmers sake,
And wealth were grateful I confess,
If Sarah might partake,
Though poor the joy that wealth bestows,
Compared to what we have;
The wealth that from contentment flows,
Health, Happiness, and Love.

Banks of the ole Tar River.

DOWN by the banks of the ole tar
river,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Something there I did discover,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, and Juba dat,
Eat a pound of kidney fat,
Walk Julia round de table,
Skim de pot, and lick de table.
Do Sally, do,
Gib me strings to tie my shoe,
Horses leg will neber do,
A stiffer leg a bull a bo.
Ah do, ah do, ah do.

As I come from ole Tennessee,
Heigh, he, hi, oh,
I set ole Dinah on my knee,
Heigh, he, hi, oh.
Juba dis, &c.

As I was going to Boston fair,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
I see my lubly Sally dare,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, &c.

Did you eber hear my Sally sing,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
While you hear de banjo ring,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, &c.

The Niggers then they show their faces
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Stand back girls and take your places,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, &c.

Oh my Nigger song is done,
Heigh he, hi, ho,
I hope its pleased you every one,
Heigh he, hi, ho.

Reuben Rayne.

WHEN I was stolen from my home
And made a captive slave;
They bound me with an iron chain—
I did for mercy crave;
All day I wept, at night I cried,
"Oh, send me back again
Unto my own dear happy home—
To my poor Reuben Rayne.
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
No friendly voice to cheer me now,
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never smile again."

They told me to a Christian man,
Who, weeping, pitied me,
He loosed the cruel bondage yoke,
And kindly set me free.
But oh, I could not Reuben find—
My own dear Reuben Rayne,
They told me he was dead and gone,
And sleeping on the plain,
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never wake again.

All night I sat upon the grave,
With anguish I did cry,
"Awake, awake, my love awake,
Or let me with you die,
For in this wretched world of woe
I never shall rest again,
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,
My own dear Reuben Rayne."
Then pity, &c.

Here's a health to all good lasses

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses
Let the bumper toast go round;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true joys are found.

Of the thousands in pain to eternity
sent!
Each who forward the cause on the
verge of the grave,
Will gain strength from the pray'r of
the liberated slave.

Jack in the Middle.

Tune—"Drops of Brandy."

UPS and downs are each day taking
place,
In this march of mind and of move
ment,
But now we can hardly find space,
For the wonderful turns of improve
ment.
A game of see saw here I go,
An attempt on a song to unriddle,
The changes in high life and low,
While I remain Jack in the middle,

So here we go up, up, up,
List to my rhymes and my riddle,
Here we go down, down, down,
While I stand Jack in the middle.

Up went the League for corn rise,
Down came the Sikhs & their glories
Up went the do nothing Whigs,
And down went the ambitious Tories
Up went the American dander,
Down came the threat to invade us,
Up went the Militia gander,
And down came the five serenaders.
So here, &c.

Up went the jobbing in scrip,
Down came the Half-penny Steamers
Up went the call for the tip,
Down came the stags & the schemers.
The Queen a small present sent down,
Then up went a premium for nurses;
Up went the house and the town,
And down came the Twopenny Busses
So here, &c.

Early closing went down after dark,
Up went the shutters advancing,
Down came the lads for a lark,
And up went the Casinos for dancing
Poetry went down to Nick's,
Garrick's Head, in the garden of Eden
Bunn went down at the Surrey like
bricks,
And up went the turnips of Sweden.
So here, &c.

Up went the racing balloons,
Down came the supply of potatoes;
Shakespere went up in Saloons,
Down went the minor Theatres.
Cutler Street went down, alas!
When up went the mansion of Moses
Madame Vestris's calves went to grass,
When Keller brought over his jaces.
So here, &c.

Leather much cheaper is found,
Since Gutta Percha went up in solu
tion;
The Louis come down a crown,
Since up went the French Revolution
Down went Liberty's cap and sedition,
Down came the Straws and the Dun
stables;
Up went the Chartist Petition,
And down came the famed Special
Constables,
So here, &c.

So the ups and downs we all know,
Our town talk is of attraction,
When the tide sets in with a strong flow,
We must always expect a re-action.
It's been so since the first of creation,
So what is the use of contending,
If my song rise in your estimation,
It will surely go down in the ending.

Polly, of Portsea and Joe the Marine.

(J. Ashley.)

POOR Joe, the marine was at Portsmouth well known,
No lad in the corps dress'd so smart,
The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a frown,
His manliness won every heart,
Sweet Polly of Portsea, he took for his bride,
And surely there never was seen
A couple so gay march to church side by side,
As Polly and Joe, the marine.

The bright torch of hymen was scarcely in blaze,
When thundering drums, they heard rattle,
And Joe, in an instant, was fore'd to the seas,
To give the bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful, each ship a mere wreck.
Such slaughter few sailors have seen;
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,
And among them poor Joe, the marine.

But victory faithful to true british tars,
At length put an end to the fight,
And homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scars,
And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight,
The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
The very first sailor she happened to meet,
Told the fate of poor Joe, the marine.

The shock was severe: swift as lightning's fork'd dart,
Her poor head with wild frenzy, fir'd,
She flew from the crowd, softly cried, 'My poor heart;
Clasp'd her hands, faintly sigh'd, and and expired,
Her body was laid 'neath a wide spreading yew,
And on a smooth stone may be seen,
One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true.
For Polly of Portsea, and Joe the marine

There is a mystic thread of Life

(Byron.)

THERE is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none,

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gaz'd with fond delight,
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire,
Such thrills of rapture in my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath press'd
And none had ever prest before,
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only prest it more

There is a bosom—all my own,
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head,
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movement thrill,
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
That both must heave or cease to beat,

There are too souls whose equal flow,
In mentle streams so balmly run,
That when they part—they part, ah; no,
They cannot part—those souls are one.

The Holly Green.

(Tune—The Ivy Green.)

OLD Chirstmas comes in his joy and his prime,
With defiance to dull melancholy;
He comes as he did in the old merry time,
Crown'd with plenty and evergreen holly,
From his ice cover'd kingdom he comes with speed,
In vigour or mirth nothing lost;
On the wing of pleasure he mounts his steed,
And is here ere the hoar and the frost,
Wreathing all around is seen,
The mistletoe twined with the holly green;
Wreathing, wreathing;
The mistletoe twin'd with the holly green.

Friendship and love now invite us away
To scenes of gay joyous delight;
Where the aged and youthful in smiling array,
In happiest concert unite,
The innocent jest and soft whisper'd vow,
As the young lovers glide through the dance;
Brings the rich blush of rapture to beauty's brow,
Which she veils with a downward glance,
Wreathing all around, &c.

Some hearts have ceased throbbing, and others grown cold,
And some joys of the past have decay'd;
Yet while beams upon us some glance as of old,
By that kindness our loss i. repaid,
We can still gather round the bright blazing hearth,
And laugh at Old Winter so keen
As we bless the land that gave us birth,
And the shining holly green,
Wreathing, &c

A Damsel Stood.

(Planche.)

A Damsel stood to watch the fight
On the banks of Kingslea Mere,
And they brought to her feet her own true knight,
Sore wounded on a bier,
'O, let not, 'he said, "while yet I live
The cruel foe me take,
But with thy lips one sweet kiss give,
And cast me in the lake.

About his neck she wound his arms,
And she kissed his lips so pale,
And ever more the wars alarms
Came loudly up the vale;
She drew him to the lake's deep side,
Where the red heath fringed the shore,
She plunged with him beneath the tide
And they were seen no more.

Her form was Fair.

HER form was fair as those we view
When Night hath lit her shrine of dreams;
Her eyes were violets bathed in dew,
Her voice the music of the stream!

That form hath perished like the bloom
Whose beauty s of unearthly root;
Those eyes are shrouded in the tomb,
The voice hath fled where all is mute!

And thus must beauty's self decay,
And leave no trace of aught so fair;
Fleet as a passing summer's ray,
Like fragrance on the moning air.
And shall the light no more illume
Those pale, and dim, and death-seal'd eyes?
Oh; yes, immortal from the tomb
The beautiful we love shall rise

"I'm Thine, I'm Thine.

(A Favorite Ballad sung by Mr. Wilson.)

"I'M thine, I'm thine" she oft would say,
For ever thine!
Others' love may fade away
But never mine"
Yet she now leaves my heart to grieve
And break with woe
Iscarce, I scarce her falsehood can believe
I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.
I scarce, I scarce, &c

But love farewell! I now for e'er
The false one fly,
Her image from my heart I'll tear
Then silent die.
I'll no more her falsehood regret
Yet where'er I go
I fear, I fear, I never can forget
I lov'd her so' I lov'd her so.
I fear, I fear, &c

The Warbling Waggoner.

WHEN I first went a waggoning,
A waggoning did go,
I fill'd my parents' hearts full
Of sorrow, grief, and woe;
And many are the hardships
That I have gone through:
But sing Wo! my lads, sing Wo!
Drive on, my lads, I O!
And who can lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner.

It is a cold and stormy night,
And I'm wet to the skin,
But I'll bear it with contentment,
Till I get into the inn,
Then I will get a-drinking,
With the landlord and his friends.
And sing wo, &c.

Now summer it is coming,
What pleasure we shall see!
The small birds are a-singing
In every green tree;
The blackbirds and the thrushes
Are whistling in the grove,
And singing wo, &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,
What pleasure we shall find;
It will make the gold to fly, my boys,
Like chaff before the wind:
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee,
And sing wo, &c.

Bonny Kate.

(Dibdin.)

THE wind was hush'd, the fiery wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Clueline, taking, spied the land.
Oh, sweet reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil—
Once more he thanks indulgent Fate
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of zephyr flow
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.
"Oh, what avails," cried she, "my pain!
He's swallow'd in the greedy main;
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy, my honest Tom!"

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that Fate,
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty Fate and Fortune blamed,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd—
"But see, O Heaven! a ship in view,
My Tom appears among the crew:
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom!"

What now remains were easy told;
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold:
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his queen he stays at home;
Recounts each tale, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her constant tar,
With reverence teach to bless their fates—
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

The Keepsake.

A sequel to "The Cavalier."

ON a fine summer's day,
As the "Cavalier" lay
At his length in the greenwood shade,
A pretty page boy,
With a face full of joy,
Came cantering up the glade;
One moment he stopp'd,
A packet he dropp'd,
Then off like an arrow he flew,
And the Cavalier found
There was left on the ground
A small case, with a small billet doux.

The note was not long,
It was dated "Hong-Kong,"
Short and sweet as a letter should be,
There was sketched in the middle,
A youth with a fiddle,
And under them "fiddle-de-dee."
He turned it about,
"Meant for me I've no doubt,
Some contemptable rival that's plain,
If I knew who it was,
I would cudgel him—pos!
He should not be so pleasant again.

He read on—thus it ran,
"Much misguided young man,
To suppose that for night after night,
Merely twangling guitars
Tink-a-tink to the stars,
A lady thy love would requite;
Still 'tis hard to be told,
When you've sang in the cold,
That you're not to have any reward;
So this billet I've penn'd,
And, along with it send,
Just a trifle to show my regard.

Joy, conceit, and surprise,
Flash'd at once from his eyes,
As he read it out loud as above,
"Tra la la," carolled he,
"I half thought so—it's she—
It's a hint to return to my love."
He twitched his cravat,
Gave a tap on his hat,
Then sunk on the grass in a swoon!
For, on opening the case,
He beheld—his own face,
Looking woefully long in—a spoon.

Now Safe Moor'd.

(Dibdin.)

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us.
Messmates, heave a hand with me;
Lend a brother sailor chorus;
While he sings our lives at sea.
O'er the white wave swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft, or humbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion.
When our time's come, we must

Jack in his Element.

(Dibdin.)

BOLD Jack the sailor here is come,
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trousers wide, my tramperoram
My nab and flowing jib:
I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy
Of grief, and such like fun;
I've constant been to ten, cri'd I,
But never griev'd for one:
The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth Gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the Straits,
A black at St. Lucie;
Thus, whatsomedver course I bends,
I leads a jovial life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

Will Gaft by death was ta'en aback;
I came to bring the news;
Poll whimper'd sore, but what did Jack?
Why, stood in William's shoes;
She cut, I chased, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,
And so she got an honest friend,
And I a loving wife.

Thus be we sailors all the go,
On fortune's sea we rub,
We works and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub.
Storms that the masts to splinters rend,
Can't shake our joyful life,
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

There once was a Gallant Knight.

THERE once was a gallant knight—
Ho, merrily, ho!
He sang to a lady bright—
Oh, lady love, oh!
Fal lal la.

I bring you golden chain,
'Tis a sign you know,
Your slave I will ever remain,
Oh, lady love, oh!
Fal lal la.

Then softly the maid did sing—
Nothing of chains I know,
I rather would have a ring,
Because it won't let you go.
Fal lal la.